

Good Morning 446

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Your Picture Gallery, O.S. Harold Holt

HERE'S a photograph of Mother with the pride of the Holt family, for you, O.S. Raider Harold Holt. It is a submarine model that your Father has made.

Your Mother keeps it in front of the gallery of photographs on the dresser; and every day she applies a little spit and polish, and the model continues to shine.

Father has now decided that there should be a model bomber to go with it, but Mother is a little worried as to where to put it. "The room is crowded out already. I think that I shall have to start hanging things from the ceiling soon," she said.

Cousin Ethel has had twin babies, John and Margaret. Mum went to see them the other day, and says that they are "real bonny babies."

We met your Mother in 12th Avenue, Abbey Hills,

Oldham, as she was coming home from her daily win-the-war job. She was full of smiles and only too eager to give us these tit-bits of news for you. She took us round her art gallery of photographs, explaining who was who.

When it came to taking a photograph, your Mother fought shy. And in the end, after a lot of persuasion from our photographer and myself, she consented to have it taken, if it would show only head and shoulders—"Our Harold doesn't want to see all m'beef," she said.

So we at last got the picture for you, Harold, and then left your Mother in peace to finish up the cleaning of the house!



Bensham Folk greet O.S. Leslie

Gallon

WHEN the "Good Morning" photographer called at your home in Rawling Road, Bensham, Gateshead-on-Tyne, O.S. Leslie Gallon, your Mother answered the door with a dustier in her hand.

A few moments later she was upstairs in her kitchen, finishing off the washing-up, while Dad gave her a hand with the drying. They were about to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of their wedding, and Dad's birthday, which was the day previous.

Both Mum and Dad wish you happy days of hunting and good shooting.

your girl friend, were due to arrive for tea, and Evelyn, in her reply to your letter, says, "I am with you in your effort to knock 'H' out of Jerry."

They are deeply interested to know what you are making in your little spare time now—that is, if you are not doing the Old Mother Riley act which you wrote about.

Both Mum and Dad wish you happy days of hunting and good shooting.

Ron Richards visits your Home Town

CLOVELLY

"I looked up at the Cliff-face . . . Surely the Village was something washed up by the Sea"

WHEN I walked down the main street of Clovelly from the bus stop to the sea, I expected to find the local inhabitants with one leg longer than the other, because for generations they have walked half-sideways to facilitate the descent. Reaching the far end of the quay, I looked up at the cliff-face and thought that surely the village was something washed up from the sea. The cottages, with crazy slants and rooms that often had seven or eight sides, appeared to be the remnants of a tidal wave that had washed them up and left them high and dry on ledges. (The name is of Saxon origin—Cleave Leigh, meaning the Cliff Place.)

BUT, looking closer, I detected crooked paths that wound round and round to provide a precarious and solitary road for walkers and donkeys, and I picked out the string of donkeys as they toiled slowly up the slope, bearing baskets of fish and coal that had been unshipped at the quay from the dancing fleet of village boats.

As the beasts descended laden or ascended light, they got so lost at intervals in the floating clouds of village smoke that they seemed to fall down some of the chimneys and come to the surface again far off. No two houses in the village were alike, in chimney, size, shape, door, window, gable roof, tree—anything.

At the bottom of the main street, which is less than ten yards wide, I smiled at a Ministry of Transport notice which barred all motor vehicles from entering the high-street. Only once had any motor vehicle been known to ascend the street—that was seventeen years ago. The top of the street is almost three hundred feet above the base.

How the cottages were first built is difficult to imagine, but Clovelly was there eight centuries ago, and its general aspect cannot have been very different from what it is now.

Up till about sixty years ago there was an open stream which ran right down the side of the street, known by the inhabitants as the Lake. It added, no doubt, to the picturesqueness of the place, but also to the smells and dirt. It was covered in and the village is now properly drained.

Fate plays tricks with some places; they never seem to secure the notice and regard they deserve. In the case of other places the Fates are kind—almost too kind. They positively suffer from excess of attention and become the victims of publicity.

In the latter class is this quaint North Devon village. Fifty years ago Clovelly was quite unknown to fame. There are still those in the village who can "mind the time" when, during all one long summer, the only visitor seen in the place was Parson Hawker, of Morwenstow—in those days the lovely woods that hang above the peculiar, steep street, as it drops down the soft combe in its rapid descent to where the trawlers swing at their moorings in the quay-pool below, were unpathed, and smugly satisfied in their seclusion.

Those were the prehistoric days of silence and solitude, when the life of the place went of undiscovered and untroubled by twentieth-century civilisation. But it is different from that in this decade—at any rate, for six months of the year.



There are days when the little village is like a fair, when the visitors arrive in troops and battalions; by sea and land, and with frank simplicity of mind take all possible pains to destroy the sense of beauty and repose and quiet which they are supposed to value and seek.

It is a doubtful kindness to assist in the evolution of a show-place. The show-place is almost bound to be damaged in the process of evolution. It inevitably becomes self-conscious, and learns to pose; makes-up for the part; assumes the expected attitude and the appropriate air; and, by so doing, loses just that quality which constitutes its chief attraction.

The Clovelly I visited was a village almost such as this. Though, of course, this show-place will never completely catch up with time. The tale-telling fisherfolk, the high-street, and feeling of stepping back a century when one arrives, could never be completely killed.

It is something of a paradox; time has done comparatively little to the actual situation,

and yet it is the changing face of Nature which makes one love the place; one day gentle and peaceful—then comes the storm, the ravages of the wind and sea, bringing tragedy and sorrow.

I called at the "Red Lion," at the foot of the cliff. Jack Whitefield is the proprietor there now; he and his family evacuated from Hounslow during the London raids two years ago. They will never return to London, they tell me.

The lifeboat crew is almost unchanged since the birth of this century. But their duties are more varied now; few fishing boats call upon them, but Allied and enemy air crews and seamen are frequently rescued.

The church, with its stones that bear the names of half the characters of "Westward Ho!" stands yet, and Sunday prayers are still in the main for the safety of fishermen.

Tom Trewin, last in line of one of the most famous fishing families to spread nets along that coast, is still casting nets—and telling tales.

Tom's repertoire has stood him in good stead this last score of years. Seldom does he buy his pints of cider now; at the "Red Lion" and the "New Inn" halfway up the hill he is known and sought annually by visitors who seek a taste of the romance of the fishermen of Devonshire.

At the art store, happy hunting ground of souvenir-hunters, is George S. Reilly. George knows his trade, and invariably pleases his customers by expertly assessing and supplying their requirements.

There's Bishop with his antiques, that, compared with the village, look modern. There's the real-estate company and the postmistress—Devon folk all of them—and all just as they were in the tripper age of 1939.

They will always be as they are, these clannish Clovelly folk—when they die their children will take their places and live as they and their parents before them lived, and few will know the difference.



Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

BURIED IN GOLD

Part XII

THE dying priest pronounced several broken words; the doctor drew near; the sick man's respiration became difficult; he asked for more air; the curtains were quite taken away, and he breathed with delight the light breezes of the transparent night; the stars shone upon him with their trembling light, and the moon wrapped him in the white shroud of her rays.

"My friends," said he, in feeble accents, "I am going. May the God who rewards lead you into port! May he pay my debt of gratitude for me! Put me on my knees, my brethren, I beg of you!" Kennedy raised him; it was pitiable to see his feeble limbs bend under him.

"My God!" cried the dying apostle, "have pity on me!" His face shone. His last movement was a supreme benediction to his friends of one day, and he fell back into Kennedy's arms, whose face was bathed in tears. "Dead," said the doctor, stooping over him, "dead!"

With one accord the three friends knelt to pray in silence. "To-morrow morning," said Fergusson, "we will bury him in this African soil which he has watered with his blood."

During the rest of the night the body was watched by the doctor, Kennedy, and Joe by turns, and no word troubled the religious silence; they all wept.

Towards noon the doctor resolved to descend into a ravine, in the midst of primitive rocks, in order to bury the body; the surrounding mountains would shelter it and allow him to lower the car to the ground, for there was no tree it could be fastened to. But as he had told Kennedy, on account of the ballast he had lost when he captured the priest, he could only descend by losing a corresponding amount of gas; he therefore opened the safety-valve of the exterior balloon.

Discovery

The hydrogen escaped, and the Victoria was lowered quietly towards the ravine.

As soon as the car touched the ground the doctor closed the valve;

Joe jumped out, holding on with one hand while he picked up enough stones to make up his own weight; he could then use both hands, and soon placed 500lb. of stones in the car; then Kennedy and the doctor could descend.

The equilibrium of the Victoria was thus restored, and its ascensional force could not lift it. It did not take many of the blocks raised by Joe to make up the weight; they were so extremely heavy; Fergusson's attention was aroused by the fact, and he saw that the ground was covered with quartz and porphyry rocks.

"A singular discovery," said the doctor to himself.

In the meanwhile Kennedy and Joe went off a few steps to choose a spot for the grave. The body of the martyr was placed in it with respect, and the ground fell over the mortal remains; above, they placed some large stones to form a sort of tomb.

During this time the doctor had remained immovable and lost in thought. He did not hear his companions call to him, and did not go back with them to seek a shelter against the heat of the day.

"What are you thinking about, Samuel?" asked Kennedy.

"About a singular effect of hazard, a strange contrast in nature. Do you know in what soil the brave fellow has been buried?"

"What do you mean, Samuel?" asked the Scotchman.

"The priest who took a vow of poverty rests now in a gold mine!"

"A GOLD mine!" cried Kennedy and Joe.

"Yes," answered the doctor quietly. "These blocks you are trampling under foot, like valueless stones, contain the purest ore."

Joe threw himself like a madman on the scattered fragments. Kennedy nearly imitated him.

"Be calm, Joe," said his master. "Reflect a little. What use are all these riches to you! We cannot even carry them away."

"Why can't we!"

"They are too heavy for our car. I even hesitated to tell you about my discovery in the fear of exciting your regrets."

"How can you talk of leaving such a treasure? Why, our fortune is made!" cried Joe.

"Take care, Joe, the gold fever is getting possession of you. Has not the poor fellow's life you have just buried taught you the vanity of human things?"

"That's all very fine," answered Joe; "but this is gold! Mr. Kennedy, won't you help me to pick up a few millions?"

"What could we do with them, Joe?" said the hunter, who could scarcely help smiling. "We did not come here to make our fortune."

"You can't carry millions in your pockets," answered the doctor. "They are very heavy to carry about."

"But," answered Joe, "can't we take some of this ore for ballast instead of sand?"

"Well, I consent to that," said Fergusson; "but you must not make a fuss each time it is necessary to throw some thousands of pounds overboard."

"Thousands of pounds!" cried Joe. "Is it possible that all this is gold?"

Five Weeks in a Balloon

By JULES VERNE

"Yes, it is one of Nature's reservoirs, where she has been piling up treasures for centuries. There is enough here to enrich entire countries. It is Australia and California combined in the depths of a desert."

"And it will all remain useless?"

"Perhaps. In any case, this is what I will do to console you."

"That will be difficult," replied Joe, with a contrite air.

"Listen. I will take the exact situation of the place, and when you get back to England you can make it known to your fellow-countrymen, if you think so much gold will make them happy."

"Well, master, I see you are right. I am resigned, and can't help it. Let us fill our car with the precious metal. Whatever remains at the end of the journey will be so much to the good."

And Joe set to work with a will. He had soon made a heap of 1,000lb. of quartz. The doctor watched him with a smile, and then set about taking the position of the place. He found that the missionary's tomb lay in longitude 22° 23' and south latitude 4° 55'.

Then, taking a farewell look of the poor Frenchman's last resting-place, he returned to the car. He would have liked to raise a modest, rude cross on this tomb, abandoned in the midst of the African deserts, but no tree grew in the neighbourhood.

"God will know it," he said. A serious pre-occupation had taken possession of Fergusson's mind. He would have given much of the gold to find a little water.

He wanted to replace what he had thrown out in the cask when they carried off the missionary, but it was an impossibility in this arid region.

It made him very uneasy; he constantly wanted water for his apparatus, and began to grow short of it for drinking purposes; he resolved to neglect no opportunity of renewing his reserve stock.

When he returned to the car he found it encumbered by the stones Joe had amassed. He got into it without saying anything. Kennedy took his accustomed place, and Joe followed both of them, not without throwing a covetous eye on the treasures of the ravine. The doctor lighted his dilatation pipe. The serpentine warmed, the current of hydrogen began in a few minutes; the gas dilated, but the balloon did not move. Joe looked uneasily at him without speaking.

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Joe did not answer.

"Joe, do you hear?"

Joe made a sign that he heard, but would not understand.

"Be kind enough to throw out some of that ore."

"But, master, you allowed me."

"I allowed you some ballast, that's all."

"But—"

"Do you want us to stay eternally in this desert?"

Joe threw a despairing glance towards Kennedy, but the hunter looked powerless to help him.

"Well, Joe?"

"Doesn't your apparatus work, then?" continued the obstinate fellow.

"It is at work, as you see; but the balloon will not go up till you have unballasted it a little."

Joe scratched his head, took a fragment of quartz, the smallest of all, and weighed it in his hands; it was about three or four pounds. He threw it out. The Victoria did not stir.

"Aren't we going up yet?" he cried.

"Not yet," answered the doctor. "Go on."

Kennedy laughed. Joe threw another ten pounds out. The balloon did not move. Joe grew pale.

"Dick, you and I weigh, if I am not mistaken, about 400lb.," said the doctor; "you must therefore throw out a weight equal to ours, as it was put in our place."

"Four hundred pounds to throw out!" cried Joe piteously.

"And a little more to send up. Come take courage. The worthy fellow sighed deeply and began to unballast the balloon. He stopped from time to time.

"We are going up!" he said.

"Not yet," was the invariable answer.

"It is moving," he said at last.

"Go on," repeated Fergusson.

Then Joe, taking a last block in despair, threw it out of the car. The Victoria rose about a hundred feet and the apparatus helping, soon got above the surrounding summits.

"Now, Joe," said the doctor, "you have still a nice fortune left; if we succeed in keeping it, you will be rich for the rest of your days."

Joe did not answer, but lay down on his bed of ore.

In the evening the Victoria had made ninety miles westward; it was then 1,400 miles from Zanzibar in a straight line.

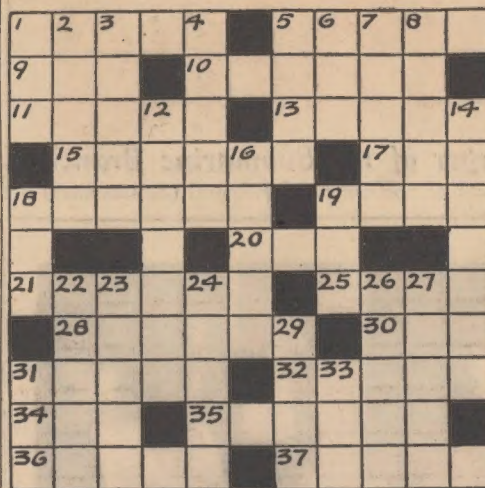
The Victoria, fastened to a solitary tree, passed the night in perfect tranquillity; the travellers were able to get a little of the sleep they needed so much; the emotions of the preceding days had left them sad remembrances. Towards morning the air again became brilliantly limpid and hot. The balloon rose in the air; after several ineffectual attempts it met with a slight current, which carried it towards the north-west.

"Is it not Joe's load that is delaying us?" said Kennedy, to tease the worthy fellow.

He did it the more willingly because he had felt, for an instant,

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



CLUES DOWN.

1. Away. 2. Relation. 3. Walking pole. 4. Stretched tight. 5. Milk product. 6. Hurry. 7. Silly. 8. Object. 12. Ape. 14. Floors. 16. Pick. 18. Place. 19. Squeeze. 22. Fruit. 23. Bays. 24. Scottish county. 26. Musical show. 27. Nouns. 29. Means. 31. Title. 33. Moreover.

1. Quick start. 5. Scold. 9. Suitable. 10. Horsy. 11. Pretend. 13. Paper quantities. 15. Shut up. 17. Fruit. 18. Sea-bird. 19. Brave one. 20. Debt acknowledgment. 21. Small slab. 25. Left. 28. Became tire-some. 30. Meet. 31. Checking device. 32. Enumerated things. 34. Glass. 35. Disregard. 36. Sticky stuff. 37. Dry food.

F. PLAINTS D. OBOE FORAGE. SALAD NACRE. TREVOR WHIP. E. ENABLED. RAM GNU TEE. FANATIC X. HIDE SLUDGE. ORRIS TRAIT. BEAGLE BINE. O SHYNESS R.

Joe's hallucinations; but as he had not let them appear, he laughed at them in his companion. Joe looked pitifully at him. But the doctor did not answer. He thought, not without secret terror, of the vast solitude of the Sahara; three weeks pass before caravans meet with a well. He accordingly surveyed with care the least depressions of the ground. These precautions and the late events had considerably modified the feelings of the three travellers; they spoke less, and were more absorbed in their own thoughts.

The worthy Joe was no longer the same since he had looked upon the golden ocean; he did not speak, but considered with avidity the stones heaped up in the car, without value to-day, inestimable to-morrow.

The aspect of this part of Africa was not reassuring; they were gradually approaching the desert. The symptoms of a country destitute of water gave food for reflection to Dr. Fergusson.

At the end of that day the Victoria had not made thirty miles, and there only remained three gallons of water in all! Fergusson put one gallon aside to assuage the burning thirst which a heat of 90 degrees makes intolerable; there remained, therefore, only two gallons for the dilatation apparatus, that quantity could only make 480 cubic feet of gas, and the apparatus consumed about nine cubic feet an hour; so they could only go on fifty-four more hours; that was mathematically certain.

At their evening meal the water was strictly measured. As soon as dawn broke the temperature became burning. At five a.m. the doctor gave the signal for departure, and for some time the Victoria remained motionless in an atmosphere of lead. The doctor might have escaped the intense heat by raising himself into a higher zone; but for that he must have used a greater quantity of water, and that was then impossible. He

contented himself, therefore, with keeping the balloon 100 feet from the ground; then a feeble current carried it towards the western horizon. The breakfast consisted of a little dried meat and pemmican. At noon the Victoria had scarcely made twelve miles.

"We cannot go any faster," said the doctor. "We do not command; we obey."

The doctor found that the Victoria had only made twenty miles during that burning day. As soon as the sun had disappeared beneath an horizon, traced as clearly as a straight line, a warm darkness enveloped the car.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. Morat is a town in Arabia, putrid meat, drink made of honey, Moslem book, precious stone?
2. How many kinds of shell-fish can you name, excluding crustaceans?
3. How many words are there on a British three-halfpenny stamp, and what are they?
4. What is a "coupe Jacques"?
5. Who is the taller, Hitler or Mussolini?
6. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Rimose, Rimote, Rimous, Rimmer, Rimmon.

Answers to Quiz in No. 445

1. Indian monkey.
2. Topaz, Tourmaline, Turquoise, etc.
3. On the Equator.
4. Croquet.
5. Balsa.
6. Revisor.

USELESS EUSTACE



"The wife says I'll never make a soldier! This calls for an apology from you, Sarge!"

WANGLING WORDS—385

1. Put decay in BH and drink it.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Ripsit reefob dripe laif a codurtines gathuhy a robfee dan hoteg.
3. In the following three trees the same number stands for the same letter throughout.

What are they? 6IR74, 25M, 62274.

4. Find the two hidden breakfast dishes in: With such a firm arm, a lad expects a job, a convenient holiday and a wage.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 384

1. BrushED.
2. Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.
3. Villa, Cottage, Mansion.
4. W-ill-I-am, Step-hen.

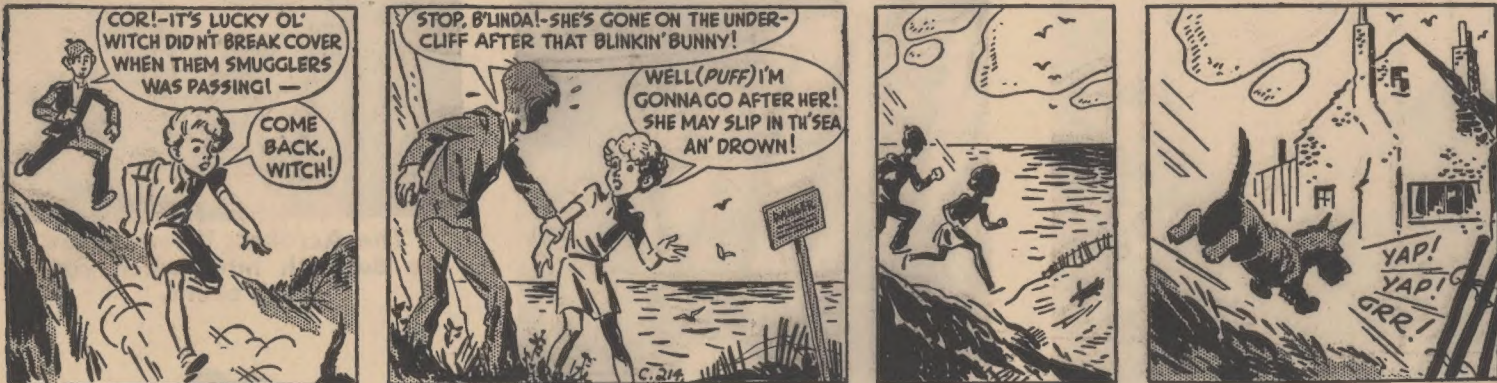
JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



"PACKAGE Kitchens," wrapped up like sandwiches and delivered to the door in a plain van like a piece of furniture, is the latest idea from America. The kitchens are being sold in America as installations which will turn apartment houses into blocks of separate flats. They come in two sizes, the largest of which, designed to cater for four people, is only 7ft. long by 6ft. 6in. high. Each kitchen is a compact fitment, comprising a cooker, refrigerator, stainless steel sink, draining board, a pot-rack, an eye-level cupboard for crockery, and a roomy drawer. It fits into a small recess or against the wall, with shutters or sliding doors. "Package Kitchens" will be demonstrated by the British Commercial Gas Association at its exhibition on kitchen planning in London this autumn. It is suggested that mass production of these all-in kitchen units and their bulk purchase by the Government would make it possible for local councils here to convert inconvenient tenements rapidly and effectively into self-contained flats.

A BUNCH of matelots were working a very profitable racket in a West Indian port before the war. Jack would go ashore, buy up an armful of native beads, and then proceed to the docks to find out the arrival time of the next passenger liner. When it arrived, he'd be out there in a native canoe, clad in loincloth and sandals, looking every bit the "wog," and chanting in broken English, "Nice beads, Indian beads, only two dollars." Jack would really go ashore on Saturday accompanied by forty or fifty dollars and the satisfaction of having delighted numbers of tourists.

A FRIEND in the East sends me this chart. Of course, all the appropriate doors in this office have been labelled like this.

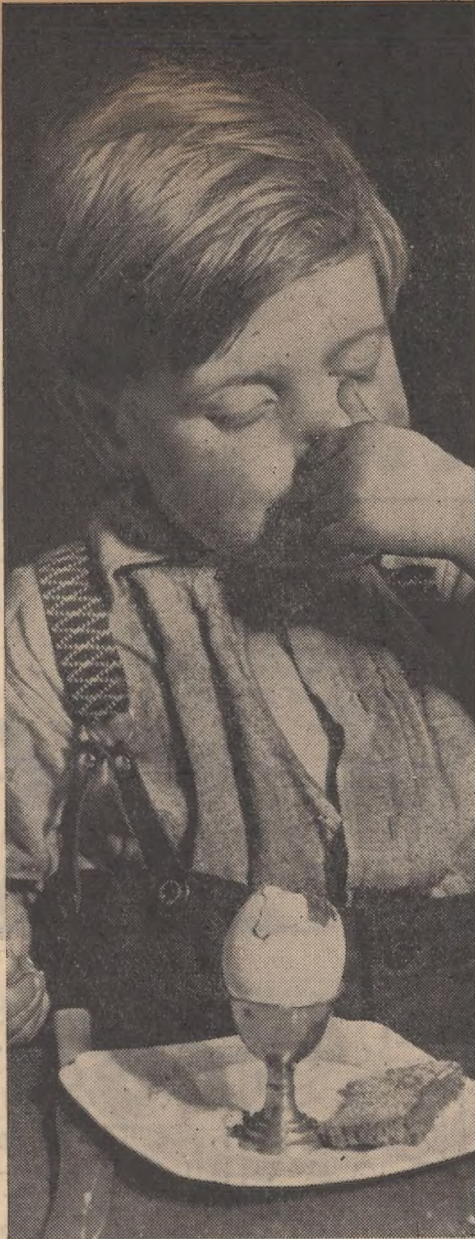
CHRISTMAS card artists had an exhibition at Victoria Street the other day—to mark the hundredth year of the Christmas greeting. It is a modern institution. In 1844, W. E. Dobson, R.A., wanted to repay a friend for some kindness. It was mid-winter, so he took a piece of Bristol board about nine inches square and drew a festive picture of a family toasting absent friends. From this modest start there has grown one of the greatest modern industries. It has spread across three continents. Literally millions of pounds are sunk in the crafts employed. Although sales begin in October, July to September are the creative months for the designers.

A hundred years of Christmas greeting was well represented. In the 1850s printing was crude, yet a high standard had been reached by the 'nineties, and this never relaxed. An amusing sidelight on changing fashions was thrown by a typical card for the 'eighties, which hoped piously that "the recipient of this good wish may be spared for another twelvemonth." Later greetings were less gloomy. In 1914-18 they had feverish gaiety. Oddly enough, this war seems to have been taken more calmly.

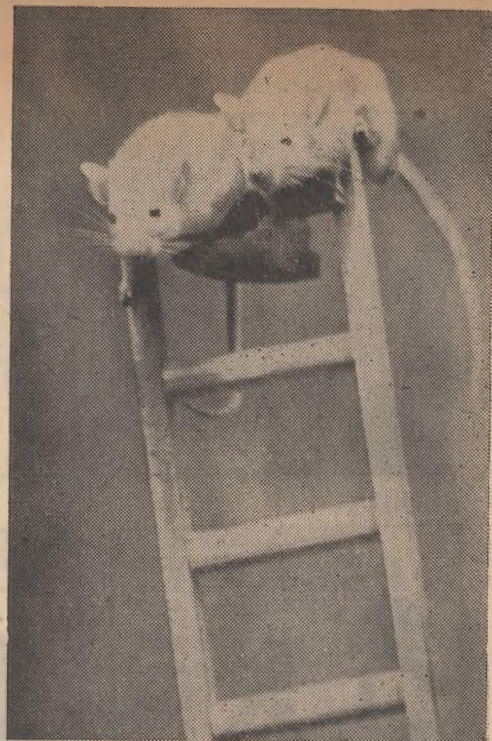
Ron Richards

Good Morning

Ancient stronghold in Border battles, the Castle at Aydon, near Corbridge, Northumberland, with a farm in the outer bailey, still stands to-day as a sentinel of peace in This England.



"Phew! Let's have a dehydrated version where the smell's only half as much as this."



"The Acrobats"—or—What to do with mice when you catch them.

Twentieth Century star, Anne Baxter, smiles way out into space.



"Come 'ere, come 'ere, you nanny goat! What do you think I am—a blooming air-raid shelter?"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'm staring; but not so far away."

